

Kew. Oct. 10. 18

My dear one,

to keep a better chronology
 I should begin my journal with saying how
 delighted I was to see some fine specimens of
 the same. It is the only one of the kind I
 of that kind where we went by Dr. Harker's invitation.
 He has had an imitation to make use of the
 Athenaeum Club House while in London, & went
 there I wait for Dr. H. It is a nice place & of good
 taste, a sitting place while in town - You can make
 your hotel, & it is a dinner food & cheap, & read all the
 news - I have dined at an inn in "Chancery St."
 Dr. Harker is a chemist, in the way of
 the pre-historic man, London on that, & Dr. Harker
 Harker & Harker & some others were my

Friday morning we were to be off in good time, but
 I got me across the bridge! I was uncertain at Kew, the
 "Fly" would not go out under 3 1/2, & I might not be in time.
 So we started on Chatterbox & took the South Chain
 We went to London & took a train from the same station
 for Salisbury - But in that part of the road we had
 to stop, & I think I got some idea of the state of the
 road about as far as I was from our home & the road
 "The Countess" to the "St. Paul" is quite different from
 the "St. Paul" - Some parts more like home, for we passed
 "plantation" & some wood & trees, "Lanes" & large track of
 one of the "St. Paul" is covered with leather & iron
 "men" & "women" & some in the same way, one
 of the "St. Paul" is reserved - One cutting of the rain-road to at

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the plane was a sense of freedom.
 The air was fresh, the sky was blue,
 and the world was so much bigger than I
 had ever imagined. It felt like I had
 been waiting for this moment for my
 whole life. The excitement was palpable,
 and I knew that this was the start of
 something new.

As I walked through the airport, I
 saw people from all over the world.
 Some were smiling, some were looking
 tired, but everyone seemed to have
 a purpose. I felt like I was part of
 something big. The energy was contagious,
 and I knew that I was in for an
 unforgettable experience.

The journey was a mix of excitement
 and uncertainty. I had heard so many
 stories about the place I was going to,
 and I was both nervous and excited.
 The flight was smooth, and the crew
 was professional. I had a great
 meal, and the service was excellent.
 When we landed, I was greeted by
 friends and family. It felt like I had
 come home. The atmosphere was
 warm and welcoming. I knew that
 this was the beginning of a new
 chapter in my life.

The first few days were a whirlwind
 of activity. I had so much to see and
 do. The people were friendly and
 helpful. I was able to see some of
 the most beautiful scenery I had ever
 seen. The food was delicious, and the
 culture was fascinating. I was
 really enjoying myself.


As the days went by, I began to
 settle in. I was making friends and
 learning about the local customs and
 traditions. The people were so kind
 and generous. I was really starting
 to feel like I belonged. The
 experience was truly amazing.

The trip was a once-in-a-lifetime
 experience. I had seen so much of
 the world, and I had met so many
 wonderful people. I was really
 grateful for the opportunity. The
 memories were so precious. I knew
 that this was a time I would never
 forget. The trip had been exactly
 what I needed.

[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Quaint, old houses all round this green, & a few narrow streets running down in various directions; there is also the Cathedral Place, & except where streets may have been blown blowing, all are enclosed, so that to get in you pass through these stone lower gateways. We hurried across the green, under another gateway, & by an iron-railed fence, in at a gate, & just under shelter to the Chapel House, a little old, stone house with old leaden double wooden doors, & vaulted roof. The Rev. Mr. Church's brother, who is at the head of a little school, lives here, & is connected with the Cathedral. We left our chawls & bag, & hurried back to the Cathedral, just in time for Miss Morn's voice in the choir. The Cathedral is in

a most perfect state of preservation - the west & east windows inside, as the morning sun streamed in; the beams of oak, stained in the window & in me, the high level of the aisle & choir - old windows have, so that the figures & subject are nothing, only that beautiful blending of wall and stained glass in the east & west & the graceful clustering columns, as the choir boys chanted the responses in their white surplices, & the high voices of the choir & sent me - I am not going to describe, but the Cathedral, which is a very perfectly preserved specimen of the old architecture - I have seen some photographs, & when I have looked at them a little longer, I shall send them to you to look at & keep for me -

After service we went back to Mrs. Church, the Rev. Mr. Church's sister, sweet & kind & gentle, one of the prettiest women I have seen, & in pretty late life, four days, I should say - She cannot be kind words in the way of walking round her own garden, & this softly, & sweet English air, & to know us the Helly room which Helly takes its name - Great springs bubbling at once into ponds through the lime stone, & in a few minutes, & a good deal of water. There is in the outer enclosure - Then through a low gateway into the Bishop's Down & the garden, & a hall 20 ft high, & tower at the corner, & a terrace garden close inside for the archers & bowmen in olden time, to repulse attacks. The  all over - from north with iron, leaving three semi-circular loop-holes to look through, over the moat which is full of water, & so the garden with sheep & trees, & distant hills beyond - The garden is very charming, the belvedere makes one side, & runs into it & separates from another part -